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Where Shadow Is No More

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## What We Do

What we do is not what we are  
White clouds dancing  
Beneath the morning stars  
What we do is not what we are  
Cars honking in gridlock jam  
Awaiting dinner  
Like sacrificial lambs

It's your turn on the stage  
I hear the director shout  
All the roles are taken  
But you can join the crowd  
You must have a definition  
The recruiter points and sighs  
Sign on the dotted line  
And we will tell you lies  
From cradle to grave  
And the pin stripe preacher agrees  
Get down on your knees  
And I will save you from thinking

What we do is not what we are  
Leave the door ajar  
Far beyond this present age  
The Master dreams  
Your perfection

## Voyage

Around the horn

One misty morn

Clouds in shrouds

Enchanting

Lantern light

In faint twilight

Masts in veils

Dancing

Clanging bells

Sound the knell

Avoid these rocky

Shallows

Sail on my soul

Toward the goal

His quiet voice

Is calling

## Invisible

To Late I Knew  
My sacrifice great  
I gave myself  
To your awakening  
And now I find it  
Hard to feel the thread  
Of Love that held  
Us like a silence

## My Vineyard

I come to my vineyard  
Looking for fruit  
I come to my vineyard  
Looking for you  
I come to inherit  
Right where you are  
I come to my vineyard  
Into your heart

## Email

A person in an email  
Is neither male or female  
I cannot hear their tone of voice  
I cannot read their countenance.

Some would say " Now this is grand,  
You cannot know the outward man,"  
But is the message so separate from  
The messenger who carries it?  
Should the bearer remain a mystery?  
Wrapped in anonymity?

It's so good to know the Father's way  
Is to reveal His Son as plain as day.

## Waiting to Die

I saw the Murres dying  
Waiting for the end  
A sea gull lands beside him  
Pecking, pecking

Get up  
Or you will die  
As sea gull flies away  
Two Chinese girls  
Try to save  
Pet, pet

I say, " He's waiting to die,  
Now the whole family  
Gathers round the bird  
Who stares in stoic silence

The Murre turns away  
Leave me alone to die with dignity  
Prepare to flee  
This place and time  
And once again  
To fly

Yet somehow  
The rescue continues  
Pretending the last imagined breath  
As if life somehow ended

## **Inside Out**

The religious world thrives on doubt  
It tries to turn thee inside out  
While God in fact has a simple plan  
Religion puts its trust in man.

So far away you'll want to fly  
Away from such deceit and lies  
Until at last you come to see  
The Savior lives inside of thee

## **Fear Not**

A Brother said  
Fear not the silence of the enemy  
They are only coming into range

## **Freeway night**

Distance vibrates  
Metallic echoes  
A cold wind blows

## Pausing on a Hilltop

Pausing on a hilltop  
I see you passing  
In muted tones of orange

Tresses blowing  
As gusts out of the east  
Take my breath away.

Powdered clouds race the sun  
To sundown  
Posing in discarded garments  
Of former generations  
Dressing in silent illusion  
Dragons twisting to Knights  
With eyes gaping through the  
Keyhole into Lost Caves  
And out again to ocean sands.

Here I stand again  
But never quite again  
Time pulls me apart like taffy  
Stretching

I descend to the plain  
Where post hole fences  
Stand between the wind and me  
Wild flowers of purple and gold  
Intercept my brief greeting  
Returning longing to my gaze  
For Holy innocent moments

How far have we wandered from our origins?  
How much has been forgotten in favor of flotsam?  
The waves roll on  
As storm clouds come in  
Your great name bursts forth in lightning  
Thunder follows  
Silence suddenly aware.

Space speaks thoroughly to darkness  
All is still as on the hilltop again  
Mirage invites my understanding  
I must discard this fluff  
A tiny pinhole of light  
Denies this hold of night  
And I know in the deepest places of despair  
Dawn approaches  
Time paints her blush upon the clouds  
As all of History records this awakening  
Brilliance exhausts the darkness  
And You arrive  
With righteousness in your wings.

## **Shadow and Light**

Most deeds

Cast a shadow

Are observed

And then reported

Deeds done at noonday

Are seldom even noticed

And are only seen

By those who

Walk in noonday Light

## Crystal Reflections

In haunting mists of Genesis

Proselytes with signs

Shout slogans

At their crystal reflections

While Ancient lore

From times before

The prophet's words

Forgotten

## Violence

Hate will not sustain you through the Vail

As Soul leaves the body violence fails

You see with eyes bound by time

No way to find the peace of mind

Like darkened clouds when rain's refused to fall

## Empty Air

It feels like a circle

When most likely it's a square

To see one's own glory

Is not glory

But merely empty air

## Like a Bone out of Joint

I left the convention early feeling disconnected  
 From the pep rally  
 Trying to manipulate my mind.  
 It seems I was to agree with  
 What was already decided  
 Like a political convention  
 Acting out surprise.

Waiting for a ride  
 I stepped under the small,  
 Carefully planted trees  
 Enjoying leaves changing  
 And the still small shade  
 Surrounded by cars whizzing on the one side  
 And the expected exodus of thousands  
 On the other

The brick wall was hard oh so hard so I walked over  
 By the fire hydrant where Mary was to pick me up.  
 In the bright November sunlight  
 A couple approached me with  
 Convention tags but turned around their backs to the sun

It was then I saw DI  
 Shuffling along  
 Could that really be you after all these years, I wondered?  
 He was somewhat bent over  
 Walking slowly away from the event  
 Towards where the couple had stood  
 A moment earlier  
 His white hair neatly sprayed in place

DI" I said, " Is that you?  
 He turned toward me, his gold chain glinting in the sun  
 The gold cross prominent on his chest  
 He gave a curt wave half turning toward me and then  
 Moved ever so slowly down the sidewalk  
 Could he be thinking that he used to be in charge of events like this?  
 Could he be musing this is not the way we did things or had he seen it all before?

Whatever it was  
DI seemed preoccupied  
As another generation  
Tried the same dance  
With different partners  
And hip hop steps.

As my ride approached  
I turned for one last look ad DI  
But he had vanished  
Like Phillip with the Ethiopian eunuch

This memory lingers in my mind  
Somewhat out of time  
Like a bone out of joint

## Country Song

Too young to retire  
Too old to be hired  
I don't eat sugar  
And I'm not too sweet  
I grab my cell phone  
And make a call home  
"I'm not available at this time"  
And the voice is me

## Where Shadow is no More

The shadows play slowly on my neighbor's door  
 Early in the morning before  
 The day unfolds  
 With hip hop hurry

The shadows pass softly cross my neighbor's door  
 Only my eyes watching  
 As the master's motion  
 Looses light, like jells with holes turning  
 Slowly casting shadow

Truth could just be on  
 Like a light switch  
 In the enormous room of day  
 But you O master artist of the heavens  
 Take thought to place  
 Clouds and leaves and moving things  
 Between us and the brilliance

The shadows pause briefly on my neighbor's door  
 To say truth to be recognizable to flesh bound souls  
 Must have the love of beauty.  
 This same door in the cold of winter  
 Offers a bleak reflection  
 It seems to say  
 Go inside, before you freeze  
 Something warm awaits you

At last the earth turns its cycle  
 The shadows hide my neighbor's door  
 And he passes silently  
 Into the night  
 Ambulance lights flashing in the back alley  
 His time to depart,  
 And I wonder from a distance  
 Where did he go?  
 His widow asks,  
 "Will you help at the funeral"?

A moving van arrives  
My new neighbor steps through the shadows  
A light bulb shines bright and bare as they unpack  
Boxes arriving in the dusk.  
I shake his hand  
We take cookies to his wife  
Determined to know more than shadow.

Now the amazing interplay at dawn has departed  
Beauty calls from shadow for all to see  
"Do not hurry so  
Or worry,  
Though you die a passing shade,  
You live eternally  
The Master has never forgotten  
He will take you to  
Where fleeting shadow is no more.

